
The Liberalist

Tear Down The Walls!

Tear down the walls! God made of one
All men who live upon the earth;
He is our Father, we his sons,
Whatever be our human birth.

Tear down the walls that separate
And breed estrangement, pride and hate;
The poor, the oppressed, the rich, the great
Are brothers in one human state.

—Edgar Cooper Mason.

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley Associate Editor

Volume X

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Number 8

MEDITATION

With gladness in our hearts, and with joy taking possession of our spirits, we would express our appreciation and our love for mornings like this. We are grateful for all the blue that is in the sky; we are glad for every particle of sunshine that softly rests upon the world, we are grateful for the increased love manifested in the out-of-doors on the part of those who love the opportunity this day to be a part of autumnal beauty for the golden glory of every leaf upon every autumn tree; for the master artist who is painting all the green out and all the golden beauty in; and for those who find it possible this day to go out in the woodlands by the side of the quiet waters or in their motors going through the country sides, experiencing the joy, the beauty and the gladness of these last lingering days of the beauty and of life. We are glad that they can go, glad for every laughing child who turns his face this morning toward the sun. Glad for the vacant lot filled with joyous young people, young men in the exuberance and gladness of the morning, as they play their games upon that lot this day. Glad for all the happiness that can come into human lives, and we would not be cynical or would we practice satire that cause people happiness and joy, the comradeship of the out-of-doors, that they are necessarily wicked or bad, because they may not choose to come inside a house of worship or power. May they find with their contact with the out-of-doors this day, these last lingering days—these last days of the healthful beauty of the sunshine, may they find there that strength and en-

couragement that shall help them when the winter sun refuses to shine, and when the fog hangs in the sky and bitterness and cold is upon us, and so this day we are grateful for its beauty. And Infinite Heart of Love, while we are exuberant, and buoyant, and vivacious in our expression of appreciation, we cannot help but wish—Ah, wish—and deeply ask that there might be some way through which we can take some little bit of this inspiration to those who cannot experience the thrill and the joy of it all. To those people upon sick beds this week, and particularly to that fine and splendid member of our choir, who while these words are being spoken, in the hospital yonder is fighting desperately to live, and may, while the memories of other mornings in the joy of music and in the symphony and in the song, has been a part of our worship, so now may she feel that at this moment too, there are angelic choruses and beautiful symphonies that because of the beauty and the way in which she has lived life in this hour of great anxiety of great care and pain, she may be helped and sustained. And to every other person who is ill, and to all that are confined in institutions whose minds are hazy, and who can't break through their unreality into the real world we know and love—whenever sadness, sorrow, tragedy stalks this day, may there stalk satisfaction, may there go satisfaction counterforce and counter-reaction, love—incorrupted love—in human hearts and in human lives.

And please, we ask from the depths of our soul, every leader
(Continued on Page 13)

"IS NATIONALISM MAN'S NEW RELIGION?"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley,

Delivered at The Peoples Church of Chicago, October 29th, 1933

One of the most suggestive and interesting books that came to my attention during the summer, and which readily and speedily went into my summer library for reading was a little book, it was rather small, and it was entitled "Nationalism, Man's New Religion." It was written by Doctor Edward S. Shillito, who is one of the keenest and most competent observers with whom I am familiar now, writing or discussing the contemporary scene. Doctor Schillito lives in London, England, but he has a cosmopolitan grasp of all these local and individual problems that are so disturbing to nations at the present moment:

Immediately the title of the book "Nationalism", being a new Religion," suggested to me the question, "Is Nationalism Man's New Religion?" And is the thesis which Dr. Shillito made in his book "Nationalism, being a new religion, after all, true, valid? For is there anything new about Nationalism? When did Nationalism assume any new aspects at all? And is there anything particularly new about identifying Nationalism with some sort of a religious philosophy? And it seemed to me, the further I went into a study and analysis of these two important factors in the development of the human race, that perhaps the thesis was only valid in certain very marked, but certainly not in any universal understanding.

I think you will agree with me that when any of us are concerned about the present and the future, we quite logically gravitate to some one who knows a lot about the past. I know that it is based upon my own experience, that when I am very much concerned about the immediate, and the immediate future, if I can find some-

one who has lived deeply and fundamentally and who has had a similarity of experience in their own past as to the difficulties which I am encountering in the present, I gravitate toward that individual just as the flower turns its face toward the morning sun. And what is true of our individual experiences is likewise just as true of our experiences collectively on the larger basis of human society. We quite naturally turn to some one who knows a lot about the past.

Consequently, it seems to me that one of the finest fortifications that all of us could build in moments like these of transition and confusion and chaos and change, would be to quietly, more definitely inform ourselves of the great historical processes that have been at work in civilization. Most of us would have a much clearer and much more satisfactory point of view, and a much more courageous attitude toward the future than most of us have. And we pull back the curtain of antiquity and look to that far-off beginning of things, much too far away for me to attempt to bring the picture down to the modern setting **today**, but we just pull back the curtains which hang over the misty past of our experience as mankind, and see those little bits of protoplasmic cellular life that under water, and muck and mud—and mud, first began to feel the urge and the thrill toward expansion and development, and crawled out from under the warm slime of the torrid tropics where all life has its origin in warmth and darkness—then gradually up slender threads of some aquatic plant where nature flowers and flowers blossom into an increased cellular activity—all the way through that long period of the life de-

development until we find it able to sit at the desk and write a Hamlet, or to conceive a law of gravitation, or to make a filament that shall pick up the energy of dead stars—or whatever it is that has come as the result of this great pilgrimage of the human being. We find very early in that career, most early, that after man had lived that position of bi-sexual relationship whereby in the far off past of creativeness he was the father—mother to his own offspring, and leaving the mark of that period upon the body of every man until down through the past when the division of that parental biological relationships took place in the development of man, and we find the birth of that possessiveness where man puts his arm around his child, and around his wife and calls it “all mine,” and then goes to the little cave that constituted his protection from the storm and the tempest and the beasts of the field and forests, he built a fortification there; and then under the protection of that family social relationships there was born that great conception that later has evolved into some form of Nationalism.

And contemporaneous with that development of Nationalism, man also had a development of religious instinct, and at the same time man put his arm around his own off-spring and called them “his,” and drew to his breast the lovely piece of femininity he called “wife,” and made that a part of his possessiveness, man at the same moment was developing a religious consciousness, and these two twin motivations of human development are as old as man’s heart and man’s brain, and when he came down one today out of that little cave home, and realized that yonder, across that river were other families and other cave homes, and the mere fact that they were separated on the basis of geological forms, there was developed in him an idea that perhaps those other people across

that river, or over that mountain, or beyond that plateau, had designs upon their own possessions, and man felt the need of uniting himself together with his immediate family of friends,—And war was born! And in that far off period of the development of this great institution of war, man elongated his helpless impotence of his strong right arm, into a spear or into a piece of wood upon which he had tied with the skins of animals a bit of sharpened stone. But war was born—based upon the danger of man’s possessiveness being disturbed by some one who wanted that which man possessed, and who did not belong to his particular group!

For the beginning of all races was the beginning of geographical limitations and the boundary lines of racial units were formulated by the flow of rivers, the presence of oceans, and the heights of mountains. And these things in the early period of man’s struggle, constituted the very basis upon which Nationalism and socialism, and all the things that have separated man through human experience in his development, became the part, and the program of man’s struggle.

When I stand today and look upon this scene that my eyes behold, and I see all of these centuries of cultural formation and of idealistic pressure, where there have been individual units in the social structure who have believed and dreamed of a time when there might be some universal expression of man’s communication, ability to live together anywhere upon the earth with friendship and with love. And when I have seen great love. And when I have seen great hours of the past, as I have seen, and as the historian knows well when there arose out of all these national units and these national formations a certain great spacious minded individual, yonder minded people, people who seemed to rise with unquestioned dig-

nity and beauty above the battle of the petty, the logical, the commonplace, until they stood on the star-crest heights of universal love, and universal piers, and they had their little day, and then they ceased to be. And they passed off from the scene of national expression.

May I ask you how much today Italy reads of her glorious apostle of human freedom and liberty, Matzini? May I ask you today how much of the philosophical relationships that were based upon the altruistic spirit of common meeting and common friendship, and a right of free speech, and peaceable assemblage and free press, and all the other precious heritages of all the idealism that has come down out of the past—I ask you this question again, this day, in the light of this grave condition throughout the world. “What has happened to the Magna Charta?” Out of the turmoil of man’s struggle of Europe during the centuries, there stands one document, a document made by man’s tears, and man’s blood! Every syllable of it red with sacrifice! Every syllable of it man’s ancient dreams The Magna Charta! And today the Magna Charta is dead! And man who dared stand in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, and advocate the loyalty to the Magna Charta—man’s charter of freedom—would be immediately imprisoned, liquidated, or banished! To stand anywhere today and say that you follow the Magna Charta, it immediately would mean to put yourself in jeopardy with every Stalin, and every Mussolini, and every Hitler of the modern world! And, if you do not believe these sentences, all I ask you to do is to go to Germany, go to Italy, go to Russia, and preach the gospel of the “Bill of Rights,” the Magna Charta, or the Declaration of Independence, and you will soon see what will happen to you! They are the most unpopular documents in the world today! They are the most despised! They are the most neglected! They are

the most abused! And in most of Europe, it is against the law of the censorship which has been established by the government of Europe to even publish, print, circulate, or read the Magna Charta—the Bill of Rights, or the Declaration of Independence!

These things, ladies and gentlemen, it seems to me, are matters of grave concern to those who have been at any rate, somewhat related in the struggle to preserve the idealism of freedom and liberty which these documents incorporate and these documents contain!

And, in most countries of the world today, Dr. Shillito is right, **Nationalism is a religion!** And it is not only a religion, but it predicates a far more tragic truth, that it is the **only** religion! And out of that religious emphasis that Nationalism is a religion, the great **mutilation**, that is the word, the great mutilation is taking place of what some of us thought religion was, and what some of us thought religion was about!

In Russia Communism is such a religion that not only have our Communists friends of Russia transferred all or many of the practices of the old Greek Orthodox religion to Russia, which ought to have died five centuries, from the influence which it had upon the Russian Peasant, for its whole purpose was to retain apparently man in ignorance! And no religion in the world will ever survive what becomes the handmaiden of ignorance! Had that been done, the history of Russia might have been a different history!

And when the collapse took place, and the repudiation of the organized religion of Russia, in the **revolution**, not so much the Revolution, (the first one), but the revolution which took place after Germany gave free passage to Lenin and he was able to return to St. Petersburg, and begin the activities of the secretary, and the third revolution is in Russia. At that time, and long after—

wards, Russia studied, and our Communists studied Icons of Russia, the sacred temples and the sacred altars! And today of course their patron Saint is embalmed in glass, and every day thousands of pilgrims and thousands of Communists walk by his embalmed body.

They have made Communism now what I think the most devoted and loyal, Communists would not deny, a religion! And what can we say at the same time of what has happened in Germany where an effort is being made to so completely eliminate any Jewish influence from the Old Testament studied in its philosophical presentation of that old pre-Christian religion that has settled down upon the world, now, can any deny then, that this constitutes what we might call a religion?

What I am going to say about this question of Nationalism, and religion, I beg of you, and appeal to you, my brother—listen. Now some people can't very well without embarrassment, and if I see you get up and turn off the radio, I know exactly what you would say, but I haven't control over the chap who is listening. So if I say something that puts you in a temper, and you begin to fume and have a little fury, just stick to it for a few minutes, it won't last long, anyhow, you turn off before the collection is taken up.

Now, here is my conclusion after studying history over a quarter of a century, and after trying to think myself through some of these problems away from my prejudices and my predispositions. Here is the conclusion that I have finally come to: I have come to the place where I believe there is something positively necessary in Nationalism! That the verdict of history teaches me that man on the basis of certain very definite demarcations is simply going to stand together! And that there will be no amount of evolving processes capable of disturbing man's basic loyalties to man's group relationship! That

the time will never come when an individual can completely become emancipated to the extent that he is able to say: "The World is my country!" Thomas Payne said that, and he is an idol of men, I don't know of a better patriot on earth than Thomas Payne. And though Thomas Payne said "The World is my country, and to do good is my religion," Thomas Payne lived and died a loyal devoted honest American. And he realized that there were certain loyalties that he had.

Now then, I am not worried so much about Nationalism, on that basis, because here is my point of view: America has been frequently called "The Meeting path of the nations." I suppose if I were to go to the people in this audience this afternoon and ask you your nationalities or your names, very few of you could go back four or five generations in the United States. We are a very young country at the best, and all of our roots are planted deep down in Europe, mine is and so is yours.

There is an old friend of mine, an Irish friend, who serves over in one of our districts, in one of our wards. When I went to vote not so long ago, (he had a very fine good old name—Murphy, and I said to him: "Mr. Murphy, how is the election, how are things?" "Oh, very well, but Doctor, I am worried." "What are you worried about?" I asked. "Well, I will tell you, look at that polling list, there is Moses, Elvinsky, and all these people, and there isn't a good old American like Murphy on the whole outfit of them."

Now, there are people who have that idea. Americanism is something that isn't yours, just our particular brand.

Now, we have become a nation, and we have built a nation on the basis of all the blood contribution and every country and every color, in all this world, that is the basis of our Nationalism. That has made our task unusually difficult in the light of fashion. The

mere infusion of blood which we have had, is the thing that introduces our biggest problem.

I believe in Nationalism, but I also believe without **inconsistency** in an Internationalism! And what do I mean by Internationalism?

Internationalism! Will you split the word with me? Follow me closely? The prefix of the word Internationalism, is the latin **Inter**, and **inter** means between, and please be completely logical now, there could be no Internationalism without Nationalism. **Inter** means between, and Internationalism is a Nationalism between nations. You can never have a true world political structure without Internationalism! I believe in Nationalism, of every group maintaining the finest which that group has to present to civilization, but **through** the cooperative spirit maintaining an Internationalism for the basis of building a world better than this! Do I make myself clear? I hope it is not ambiguous. I want every student to get my point of view in this matter.

I remember when I was invited to give an address some years ago in the Naturalization Court of Judge Holdom. When I walked into that court I noticed that there were American flags all over the place. I don't know why I was chosen to give an address that day to about two hundred men and women who had become naturalized from most of the countries of the world, I was invited to give that address, I went to that court, and in that naturalization **sermon** this is one of the things I said, and I shall never forget how it shocked some of them!

"The United States Government has just now conferred upon you Ladies and Gentlemen, citizenship of his republic. I ask you as one of your fellow citizens, that none of you ever forget the country from whence you came! That none of you ever forget the language that you learned at your mother's knees." You should have seen the rest of the people in that court

room look at me. I said "America was built out of men and women like you, Ladies and Gentlemen, of our new citizens, I speak to you as the son of a foreigner—my own father is a naturalized citizen of the United States, and I ask you that you do this for us. Leave behind in that old country, everything that prevented you from being the thing that you wanted to be. You came here to America for a purpose—something led you here, and in order to meet that purpose, will you not keep **everything** of your own race, and your own country, and your own color, that made you a good person there, and bring it here with you to help us make a better country here? That no person ever ought to forget his mother merely because he has married his wife! And that the very best ought to be retained in our American Citizenship! And there isn't of every country of the world a country on the top of the earth today, right now, Russia, Germany, Italy, there isn't one, but what have got something to offer the United States of America, if it isn't anything more than their united self for themselves! That is something! If they have nothing, but an example to us!"

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, that is the kind of Nationalism that I believe in. In other words, to me the patriotism and the mere Nationalism are two quite different things, and the Nationalist who puts a chip on his shoulder, straightens up, and looks at the rest of the world, and says "We can fight the world!" is the kind of a Nationalist that in a world like this will have a chance in ten years to make good his threat! That is the kind of Nationalism that I decry, and that is the kind of Nationalism that I fight! The kind that says "America," the kind that says "Freedom," and "liberty" and "Brotherhood," and unites to protect those things, is the kind of Nationalism which I believe in, and that is the kind of Nationalism which I shall give to

my country, and to my service, and not the brand that merely wants to fight the world!

May I submit this to you: In times of war, my country can look me up, if I advocate peace, and talk peace, can't it? If the United States of America were at war to-day, they would come to me, if I talked peace and advocated peace, and put me in Fort Leavenworth. Now, may I ask you, when the country is at peace, and there is no war, why isn't it just as much of a crime to talk war, if it is a crime to talk peace when the country is at war? I say that it is just as great a crime to advocate war when the country is at peace! And that our business should be the business of a finer thing, and a finer Nationalism, I believe in the kind of Nationalism, that whereby the country would stand up and say to the world: "Look at what we have accomplished in some of these basic and fundamental things."

Now, you will never have one world, any more than you will have one church. It is perfectly silly to hear people say "Oh, we will only have one church." Never, never, in the world, you will never have one church. Why then ever you get these people together today who are intellectually emancipated, you don't get a unit of ideas about anything. I have never seen two communities who agree. I have never seen two Christian Scientists who really agreed, when you came right down to it, and as far as you get you have their different opinions on anything and everything! That is always true. As Dr. Wise says "the only thing that they see is what the two agree what the other one should give." And I think that perhaps that is right.

Now, we are not going to have this one world that we talk about, let's be sensible. We are not going to have this one religion that we talk about, let's be sensible. You are not going to make the world a parliament of men and the federation of man and the parliament

of the world! Not for the next probably 50,000 years anyway, and that will be too late to seriously matter with you and me, but these things are not going to come in the way that we think they are. Let us be sensible—let's be practical.

May I tell what I think about religion and Nationalism on this basis? It is just this: Dr. Shillito suggested it: I think it is beautiful. Do you remember that upper room in the life story of the Master? Do you remember at the close of all his activities, his preaching and his healing and his work, he wanted to meet with the friends, and he found the upper room in the house, and there above all the other rooms they were able to commemorate their friendship in the breaking of bread in that lovely supper which was his last. Let's suppose that you could build the whole world like that, and put every nation in their respective rooms, and every race, (which civilization does), and then comes someone along, and says: "I know how to solve it, knock down the walls! Knock down the walls! Tear them down! Make the household one! And the historic individual or racial units and social units — destroy them all! Mankind is just one, but destroy them all!"

My friends, it would never work, but I will tell you what would work: A stairway leading out of the individual rooms to the one upper room above. The world doesn't need to knock down its walls, quite as much as it needs a highway out of its secretarian national bitterness, where it can finally come to the one upper room of the background of our loyalties, of race and country, which will never be surrendered, never! —But there will be a highway leading out of them! And we can sit down in the upper room of the world, and that will be religion at its best.

Look at this fine congregation today. Germans, Irish, Jewish, French, Russian —every national-

ity here! And why are we at peace? Because we are in the upper room! God's house, and you will go back to your respective loyalties and you Germans will remain Germans, and you Italians and French will still feel way down deep in here a little bit of a thrill and if somebody says anything against you, it becomes more intense. Oh, its there, it's just as natural as it is to breath. But, if you are the right kind of a Nationalist, after the experience of the upper room, you will be the co-operating kind instead of the devastating kind, and that is the Nationalism that I believe in.

What do we need in the world? A great highway, a super-highway, above all highways, that shall lead out above the nations, a highway that shall be called Germany, a highway that shall be called Russia, a highway that shall be called Japan, a highway that shall be called "America," and the highways lead to the upper room of the world where men, like generals and like cultured men, can sit down at the great feast of civilization and preserve the heart of the race!

Finally, I think we need most of all—a long look! Do you know what a long look is? A long look at the world? A long look at the future? I will tell you what I mean by a "Long Look!" When Abraham Lincoln's body was on its way from Washington to Chicago, it passed through the city of Albany, and when his body was going down the streets of Albany an old colored lady held up her baby, and she said "Honey, take a long look at that, for that man he done died for you! "That is what I mean by the long look of civilization. They have died for us. Matzini, Tolstoy, Lincoln. "Nationalism" of course! I love America, and when I stood at the bow of a ship some months ago and saw the fog lift from the Statue of Liberty and turned toward that Statue of Liberty, I said "Yes, unemployment, poverty, rich that have betrayed us,

corruption, greed, graft, yes—yes, its all here! And we must say "challenge" and not say "defeat," and I love America for its challenge and not for its "defeat!"

The kind of Nationalism that I believe in is the Nationalism that of going to work, pull up our shirt sleeves and tackling every problem as gentlemen, not that we might have word supremacy with our navies and soldiers, but that we might have it in a far greater way; **AMERICA, FRIEND, IS A BIGGER THING THAN AMERICA, ENEMY!!!!**

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

October

During the month of October the pastor kept the following engagements:

- 1—Sermon, Peoples Church.
- 1—Sermon, Aurora, Ill.
- 1—Address, Bradley Hall
- 2—Address, Woman's Club
- 2—Cabinet Meeting
- 3—Address, Medinah Temple
- 3—Address, Englewood Kiwanis Club
- 4—Address, Century of Progress
- 4—Address, Free Sons of Israel
- 4—Address, National Safety Council
- 5—Address, Elgin, Ill.
- 6—Address, Burlington, Iowa
- 8—Sermon, The Peoples Church
- 8—Sermon, University of Illinois
- 9—Board Meeting State Normal Board
- 9—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
- 10—Address, Chicago Foundation for Literature
- 12—Address, Church Dinner.
- 13—Address, Parent Teacher's Association.
- 15—Sermon, The Peoples Church.
- 15—Sermon, Century of Progress.
- 15—Sermon, Jefferson Park Congregational Church.
- 17—Address, Young Peoples Club.
- 18—Address, Calvary Presbyterian Church.
- 19—Address, Association of Commerce.
- 20—Address, Century of Progress.

MEDITATION

(Continued from Page 5)

of the world, and in every country of mankind, that in these days whatever hour is **significant** and every moment corollates it is a definite program of civilization—in these hours, may intelligence of men always be carefully guided by their human instinct, and may love and fraternity and fellowship have their chance too in the remaking of the world, and let the blessings of the morning of its light, its love, and its beauty shed its rays abroad in every heart and in every life, and per chance in this service this morning, or yonder where we cannot see, and perhaps will never know, there is some individual life battling desperately, fighting hard—he knows his struggle best, he knows his anxieties best, and wherever that heart and that life is struggling this day, may he be encouraged and strengthened and helped by something that shall help, just a word, a note of the music, a handclasp, something that shall stir the soul and life becomes something which life isn't now, and may the blessings of love rest and permanently abide in every heart—always!

FUNERALS

- 3—Fred W. Getty, Interment, New York.
- 5—Wm. Obstfelder, Interment, Graceland.
- 13—Andrew Florin, Interment, Graceland.
- 18—Albert Lettie, Interment, Oak Ridge.
- 18—Andrew Hultin, Interment, Graceland.
- 31—Mrs. Homer P. Hargrave, Interment, Graceland.

CHURCH MEMBERS

The following persons were publicly welcomed into membership in the Peoples Church of Chicago at the Sunday morning service, Sunday November 5th:

- Miss Berna Lee Bauldry,
5116 Kenmore Avenue
- Miss Violet E. Duick,
715 Barry Avenue
- Miss M. Elizabeth Larsen,
3455 Madison Street (from Presbyterian Church of Oshkosh, Wisconsin).
- Mr. and Mrs. Neil MacIntosh,
1448 Elmdale Avenue
- Dr. H. J. Millstone,
6314 Cottage Grove Avenue
- Dr. Maude B. Sands,
1024 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.
- Mrs. Thos. Fargher,
1416 Luna Ave.

WEDDINGS

- 7—Royal W. Ranney and Charlotte B. Bennett.
- 7—George W. Blei and Ruth E. Bloomquist.
- 7—Thos. F. Manning and Pearl V. Lahn.
- 7—Jacob R. Rix and Helen Jacobs.
- 14—Marvin J. Emig and Helen Salamela.
- 14—George C. Ulmer and Lois C. Radke.
- 14—Howard M. Hay and Esther Hartman.
- 21—E. Gordon Brown and Virginia M. Sieg.
- 21—Karl H. Lehman and Minnie M. Winger.
- 25—John D. Leake and Gretchen Schmuckel.

- 28—Segman E. Recht and Ruth I. Unger.
 28—Peter Knollmuller and Mary George.
 28—Marshall J. Cook and Violet Cleland.

UNKNOWN

From the grave of the Unknown Soldier, the crowds melted away. The great men of the nations who had stood bare-headed stepped into the cars and were whirled back to town. The music of the bands grew faint and then ceased.

All afternoon little parties of curious, reverent folk came and stopped, and went on again, until, finally only the guard remained. The day ended. Night came silently and threw over the grave the healing mantle of darkness.

Then a strange thing happened.

Three dim figures from nowhere gathered and stood uncovered beside the tomb. No word of greeting passed between them; they seemed to know each other well. Slowly, one after another, they stopped and read the freshly carved inscription. Then the oldest spoke.

"Things are improved a bit for us Unknowns," he said. "I fought with Leonidas at Thermopylae. We fell side by side, we and the other two hundred and ninety-eight. Our bones were mingled with the dust and rocks. No one marked our resting place. Our names were forgotten; **but we held the pass.** My mother wept when I failed to return. Night after night she waited at the window, until it was foolish to hope any longer. Then she, too, wanted to die. But the neighbors came in and cheered her. 'You have given a son to save our country,' they cried, 'The Persians are driven back and Greece is freed. He died, but he left us a better world.'

"So my mother took courage and held her head high. It was fine to have given a son to make the world a better world. . . ."

The Unknown paused a moment; his voice grew dull and hard.

"The Romans swept the Greece I died for," he said. "Barbarians swept over Rome. I sometimes wonder whether it was worth while to die at twenty-eight—to sleep at Thermopylae, unknown."

"I fought with Charles Martel at Tours," the second soldier said. "We turned back the Arab hosts; we saved Europe from Mohammedanism; we kept it a Christian continent.

"It's splendid they said to my mother, splendid to sacrifice a son on the altar of peace and good-will."

"That was twelve hundred years ago," the second soldier said, "And where is the peace we died for? Where is the faith? Where the good-will?"

The third unknown had stood with Wellington at Waterloo. It was a high enthusiasm that had carried him there—the vision of a world freed from tyranny and wrong. He fell and was buried in a trench, under a rude cross marked "Unknown."

"We thought it was to be the world's last battle," he said. "There would be no more wars, no more youthful lives snuffed out, no more mothers waiting and weeping at home. . . ."

"But a century went by, and there was a war beside which ours seemed a little thing. Our friend over whom the bands played to-day was one of millions who gave their lives. Men have heaped honors on him such as we never had. Do the honors mean that the hearts of men have changed, I wonder? They broke faith with us; will they keep faith with him?"

The three dim figures disappeared. The moon stood guard above the silent grave. In the east the first rays of the morning crept into the sky. They reached out vaguely, hesitatingly, touching the city of Washington where men were to gather that day to speak of peace—touching the inscription which a nation had cut

in stone above the body of its Unknown Soldier.

A solemn inscription; a nation's promise that he who lies there dead shall not have died in vain.

The world had made that promise before; all of its Unknown Dead have died in that faith. And the promise has died with them.

"Will it die again?" That is the question for you and me to answer as we stand with our backs to Armistice Day.

We told him when he marched away that he was fighting a war to end all wars. He fell, believing; and we have buried him and carved an inscription over his tomb.

But the real inscription will not be written on any stone; it will stand in the dictionaries of the future. Only by writing it thus can the world keep faith with the long procession of its unknown heroes whom it has lied to, and cheated, and fooled.

This will be the inscription:

WAR
And Armed Contest
Between Nations
Now Obsolete
UNKNOWN

—Bruce Barton.

A THANKSGIVING LITANY

For the poetry of spring, the pageantry of summer, the soft-sung hymns of autumn, the artistry of winter:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the unknown toilers of hand and brain, in mine and field, in factory and office; whose sweat has fertilized the earth, whose blood has redeemed me from want, whose brawn has purchased my comfort:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the unsung dreamers in every clime and age, whose undying faith has woven a fadeless tapestry of hope whereon I see the pattern of a better world to be:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the sustaining strength of loved ones whose understanding

heart makes quiet my restless soul, and so assures me that in a little way my life hath meaning for someone:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the enchantment of wonder, the allurements of mystery, the charm of beauty, the challenge of goodness, the wooing of love:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the sacrament of work through which I have fellowship with the tireless Worker who ever maketh all things new:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the gracious privilege of living in a world where human lives may attain an eternal worth, and sweet dreams come true:

I lift a thankful heart.

—Argow.

FOR ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11

"How can men make a field a battle place?

This is the question unanswered when

Each year I come to the familiar fields

And summer is upon them once again.

"This is the question breeze-swayed grasses ask,

And myriad wild flowers fragrant in the sun,

Bees, butterflies and meadow larks day-long,

Fireflies and crickets when the day is done.

"Fields are such friendly places, so replete

With life that grows in wisdom and in grace.

Fields tell so constantly God's living love;

How can men make a field a battle place?"

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—Adapted from

George R. Dodson.

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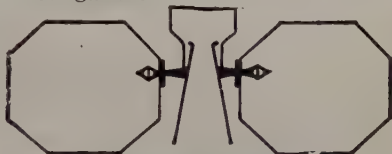
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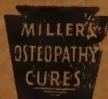
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